

to listen, and Morentina pokes you in your side, instrument! You know that it speaks a particular ^Jand gallantry requires no other mode to express subtle conceits or its most unreasonable demands ^{**}slight, delicate organ. But remember, while you ^{***}here, as in England, it is not confined alone to your ^{<^}sex. I also have my fan, which makes my cane ^{<'i}jealous. If you think I have grown extraordinarily ^{«'***}learn, that in this scorching clime the soldier will ^{*14}guard without one. Night wears on, we sit, we taU*['] which is as quick work as snapdragon, and far mor<* again we stroll. Midnight clears the public walks. Spanish families retire till two. A solitary bachelor H[^] still wanders, or still lounges on a bench in the warm u»['] The last guitar dies away, the cathedral clock wakttH reverie, you too seek your couch, and amid a gentle, of loveliness, and light, and music, and fresh air, day in Spain.

Adieu, my dearest mother. A thousand loves to all

B.

To Sarah Disraeli.

MY DEAR SA,

We arrived here ² yesterday tired to death, but v«* The Mediterranean packet is expected hourly, and I ¹ a moment in writing to you, which I do in cornplirncmt. most welcome letter which awaited me here, ami though short enough, was most sweet. The very ^{1«} about all the things I want to know makes my month .
In regard to any plans, we are certainly ^{<»} packet. No farther can I aver. What use are plann I dream six months ago of Andalusia, where I liav some of the most agreeable hours of my existence ? trip ! Such universal novelty, and such unrivalled ¹ all things ! . . .

This is the country for a national novelist. Tli« ^c life of the inhabitants induces a variety of the most resque manners; their semi-savageness makes each < retain with barbarous jealousy its own customs and i costumes. A weak government resolves society ii

¹ Letters, p. 17.

^a They returned from Granada by Malaga and the sea.

